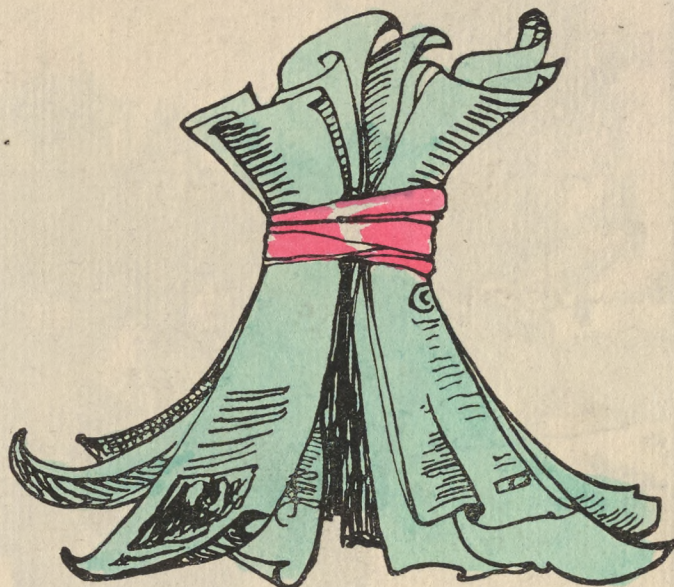


# The Green Sheaf



My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.  
 I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—  
*pictures, verses, ballads, of love and war; tales of pirates*  
*and the sea.* You will find ballads of the *old world* in my  
*Sheaf.* Are they not green for ever . . .  
 Ripe ears are *good for bread*, but green ears are good for *pleasure*.

There will be thirteen Numbers of *The Green Sheaf* in a year, printed on antique paper and hand-coloured, and the Subscription is Thirteen shillings annually, post free. Single Copies of the 'current Number' may be had at Thirteenpence each, and 'back Numbers' Eighteenpence each.

The next number of *The Green Sheaf* will contain Poems by YONE NOGUCHI, ALIX EGERTON, MARY GRACE WALKER, and DOROTHY WARD. Pictures by PAMELA COLMAN SMITH, and DOROTHY WARD. The Poem by JOHN TODHUNTER announced for this Number has been postponed.

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# The Green Sheaf



“THE wren! the wren!  
The king of all birds,  
St. Stephen’s Day was caught in the furze,  
So up with the kettle and down with the pan,  
Your honour is a decent man.”

# The Green Sheaf

THE DAWN SONG BY GERALD OF BORNELH.

*Englised by F. York Powell.*

*Loquitur Vigilator—*

O King of Glory ! Pure and very Light !  
Lord, if it please Thee, God of power and might !  
On this my Friend Thy faithful aid bestow  
Whom since night fell I have not seen till now :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, whether thou sleep or wake this night,  
Sleep no more now, but wake thyself outright ;  
For in the East I see the Day-star show  
That leads the Morn up—well its place I know :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, in this my song to thee I cry,  
Sleep no more now, I hear the Bird sing high  
That comes thro' the dark Wood to seek the Day,  
And I fear lest the Foe should thee betray :

For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, rise up and to the window hie  
And look forth on the Stars that leave the Sky,  
And thou shalt know it is the truth I say ;  
If thou do not, it is thy Loss alway :

For soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, since that hour I took leave of thee  
I have not slept nor stirred from off my knee,  
But prayed alway to God, S. Mary's Son  
To give me back my true companion :

And soon it will be Dawn.

Fair Friend, upon the stairs thy charge to me  
Was that all sleep I should eschew and flee  
And keep good Watch until the Night was done :  
But now my Song and Service pass for none :

And soon it will be Dawn.

*Respondit Amator—*

Fair sweet Friend, I am in such pleasant stay,  
As I could wish there were no Dawn or Day—  
For the most gentle Dame that e'er was born  
Holds me within her arms, wherefore I scorn

The jealous Foe and Dawn.

# The Green Sheaf

## THE GARDEN.

A STORY was told to me in Shetland, and this is how it ran :—

Once in Unst there lived a great sea-captain ; he had travelled east and west, he had travelled in the scented south, and his discoveries were many and his fame great.

He was growing old, and his friends begged him to spend his old age amongst them in peace, leaving such work as his to the young ; but he answered that he had yet another voyage to make before rest time came, and he manned his ship and sailed away for the polar lands.

“For what do you adventure, captain?” asked the crew ; “to find some fresh sea-passage, new frost-bound islands ; or for seal and white bear skins ?”

“For neither fame nor gain,” he answered. “For those I have journeyed enough, and the end of all is a pleasureless, vain fulfilment. To-day I work for no end ; I sail for the sailing’s sake ; and I keep my course for the seaman’s lode-star, the point that draws the compass and guides my destiny.”

And as he spoke the sky darted pennons of fiery glory, and the wave-crests caught and gave back the broken splendour of them.

The days passed and grew to weeks and the ship kept its course ; the ice-cutter ploughed through a white world, and night and day merged into a divine twilight. Seals cried mournful warning to each other across a noiseless dividing space ; further still, and bears, scarcely distinguishable against the snowy landscape, were the only signs of active life. In time even these gave way to utter blankness and iciness, and the frail ship lay between a heaven of tattered fire and an earth of frost.

The crew grew frightened, and would have mutinied, but they had lost their bearings and dared not sail except under the captain’s guidance. As for him, he stood motionless at the ship’s head, silent and self-absorbed, and heeded not their murmurings.

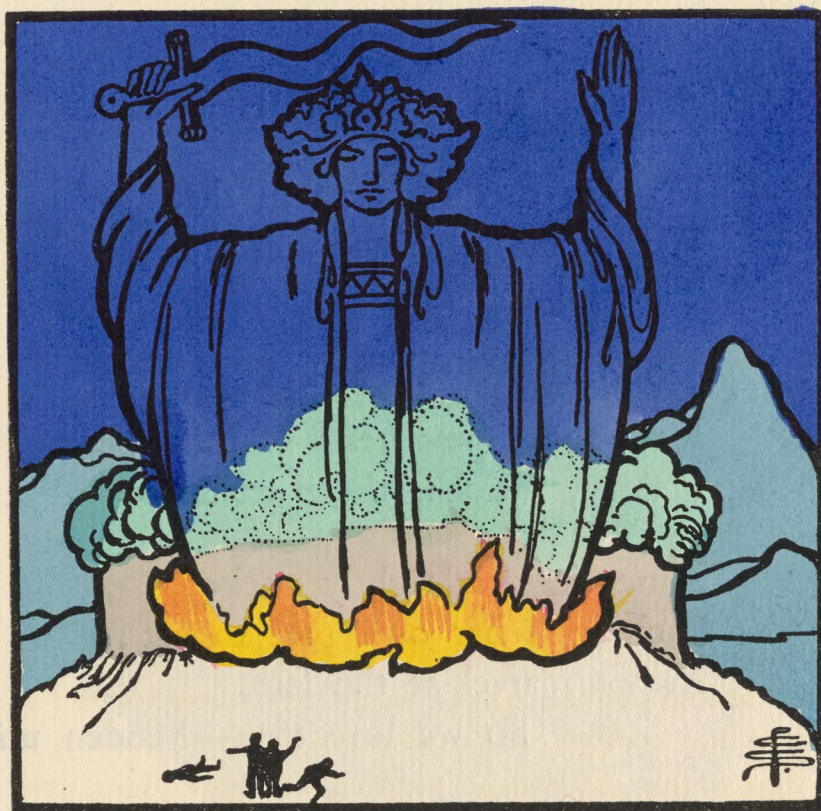
\* \* \* \* \*

There was something magnetic in the air ; the heavens changed from dusky red to purple : the snow shone blue and unearthly. It grew warmer, and faint sweet odours crept on the breeze. They found themselves land-locked before and on either hand.

The captain gave orders that anchor should be cast, that he might land.

He went alone, first singling out three men, who if he had not returned in twelve days were to follow a line of light discernible ahead, where, he said, they would find him.

# The Green Sheaf



The days passed, and there was no sign of his return, and with trembling and misgiving the men set out.

For three days they followed the gleam, and on the fourth day came upon the dead body of their master. Strangely enough, it showed no marks of death by frost, but was slightly charred.

They were about to raise it, when suddenly before them, raised as in mirage, appeared a figure of awful beauty, with upraised flaming sword. Behind this loveliness there seemed to be a gate, set in a white wall overtopped by luxuriant vegetation. It was but a momentary vision, then the blinding light faded, and the men in speechless terror fled.

They reached the ship nearly dead, and weighing anchor all returned home ; how, they knew not, a wind impelled them.

It was in answer to an expressed desire on my part to see the white countries of the north that the sailor told me this tale ; and as a warning to all who would vain-gloriously search for the magnetic north.

Inaccessible in the present scheme of things, but ever growing within that whiter walled Garden, there stands, said he, the Tree of Life, guiding the world until the Great Time comes when we may see it and be immortal.

G. J.

# The Green Sheaf

## LINES TO THE EVENING STAR.

MAIDEN, there is pent in thee  
Wealth of mirth and melody  
That full oft amazes me.

Th' flavour of the rarest wine  
Hath the tiniest geste of thine ;  
Maiden, maiden, there are Nine

Muses in thee tightly packed,  
Each with her own part to act ;  
As we marvel at the fact,  
So we love thee—Maiden mine.



## RONDELET.

Think, Love, of me.  
Far from thy side to-night ;  
Think, Love, of me.  
So shall I absent see  
Pictured upon the night  
In thy face Heaven's light.  
Think, Love, of me.

*Ernest Radford.*

# The Green Sheaf



THE FOUNTAIN OF FAITHFUL LOVERS.

# The Green Sheaf

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